



VOL. XXI. No. 11

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

DECEMBER 14, 1930

Such is Christmas

A Christmas play for the introduction of Santa Claus. Author unknown.

SCENE: Stage is in darkness. Christmas tree, decorated except for a few lower branches, stands at left back. As Gnomes enter right back, blue light is thrown on right of stage, leaving Christmas tree as much in darkness as possible.

Weird music.

Enter six Gnomes. Each carries a tiny flash-light in his right hand, which he flashes on and off during dance. Each has a small pack over his shoulder which contains Christmas tree decorations.

Dance of the Gnomes.

First Gnome (*speaking softly*): Sh!—Are we in the right place?

Second Gnome: Yes. See, there's the tree over there. Let's get to work.

All Gnomes work trimming Christmas tree. Third and Sixth Gnomes pulling forward step-ladder from back of stage, and climbing it. Talk goes on as they work.

Third Gnome: Wouldn't it be dreadful if we didn't get this ready in time and all those Unitarian boys and girls were disappointed?

Fourth Gnome: By my cap and ears, we could never let that happen! Santa Claus would never forgive us.

Fifth Gnome (*arms akimbo, surveys tree critically*). This begins to look something like! But I wish those fairies would hurry up with the sparkle!

Sixth Gnome: Where can they be? Sh-h! Can you hear them?

Music begins softly outside at the "Sh," growing louder at end of speech. Fairies laugh and talk outside.

Six Fairies enter, singing and dancing.

Christmas-time! Christmas-time!

Merry, Merry Christmas-time!

Laugh and sing, Laugh and sing!

Happy fays are we!

Over all the world we go,

Throwing sparkle to and fro.

Christmas-time! Christmas-time!

Happy fays are we!

At repetition of verse, Gnomes join in the dance.



First Fairy: We really are here, but it took us a long time!

Second Fairy: You gnomes have made the tree look very pretty;—that is, as pretty as it could without any sparkle!

First Gnome: Didn't you bring any sparkle?

Third Fairy: O yes! But Santa's message came just in time. You see, we have so many calls for sparkle at Christmas-time that our supply almost gives out.

Fourth Fairy: But it never really will give out as long as there are gladness and good cheer in the world.

Fifth Fairy. Let's get it on; Santa'll

be here pretty soon and he'll want the tree to be beautiful!

The Fairies take "snow" from pockets, giving some to Gnomes, and all scatter it over the tree and themselves. While they work, the piano softly repeats the music of the fairy dance song, and they hum as they work.

Sixth Fairy: There! It's lovely now! All it needs now is light! And I think the Christmas Spirit will be here in a moment to make it glow with light.

Second Gnome: Sh-h-h! The Spirit of Christmas!

Soft music begins at the "Sh," and continues until Santa's entrance.

Enter Christmas Spirit.

Christmas Spirit: Oh my dears! my dears! you have done well! Santa will be pleased! You, Gnomes, have given of your strength and energy to bring this pleasure to others. And you, Fairies, have added sparkle and gayety. Now I bring the light which comes from the heart-glow of all who love and give at Christmas time.

Christmas Spirit waves wand aloft, flashing light; lights flash on all over Christmas tree.

Fairies: Oh, isn't it lovely! It's beautiful! etc.

Gnomes (*clapping hands*): See! see! It's a perfect Christmas tree!

Spirit of Christmas: In a moment Santa Claus will be here, and I'm sure he will say we have done well. We have worked for others; we have sparkle and gayety; we have the glow from loving hearts; and Santa brings all jollity and the spirit of giving. SUCH IS CHRISTMAS! Listen!

Santa's bells are heard outside—"Whoa," etc.

Enter Santa Claus.

Santa: Hello, there! Hello! Hello! well, well, well! here we all are! My good, hard-working gnomes; my sparkling fairies; my dear Spirit of Christmas!—and a perfect Christmas tree!

The lights flash on in the auditorium.

Santa: And, why, look there! Here's the whole Church School, too! (*Usual Santa Claus patter. Gifts, etc.*)

The Jaunting of the Goodhues

By Ellen Friel Baker

Chapter 6

"IT is time to be thinking about home," said Mr. Goodhue, as their visit to Baltimore drew to a close.

"Must we go so soon?" asked Elaine.

"Indeed we must," he smiled. "Business is calling me and school will soon be calling the clan. There will be time to see only one more city on this trip."

"Which one will it be?" Claude wanted to know.

"We will leave that to a vote, after I put two plans before you," his uncle replied. "We can go on to Richmond from here. It is a delightful old southern city with many historic sites and lovely buildings to recommend it. Or we may turn our faces homeward from here and stop for a visit to Washington on our way back."

"Please let's see both cities," Uncle Tom," begged Lillian. "We are having such a grand time and I do not want to go home yet."

"Sorry, little girl," he answered, "but I must get home."

He then told them all to write the city of their choice on a slip of paper. Aunt Agatha was to count the votes and Bob was to keep tally.

"Washington wins by a vote," said Bob when the ballot was counted.

"Hurrah!" cried Marion. "I'm longing for a sight of the White House."

Jackson was at the wheel and they made good time on their return trip. "I've decided what I want to do, Uncle Tom," James announced, as he sat beside the driver and watched mile after mile of smooth highway slip under the wheels.

"Let's hear," encouraged his uncle.

"I've been thinking about it ever since we started on this trip," said James quietly, "and now my mind is made up. I want to be a road-builder."

"An excellent choice," agreed his uncle. "I know of nothing more valuable to a country than good roads. We must begin to plan some study in engineering right away."

"How did the National Capital happen to be located where it is?" asked Bob, as they drove through the misty moonlight.

"That is a good question," said his uncle, "and here is the answer. An act of Congress in 1790 provided for a Federal District which should be used as the seat of our government. A committee of six men was appointed to select the site. George Washington, then President of the United States, was one of this committee and after looking over several locations, the lovely spot on the Potomac River was decided upon."

"I should think the capital would be located nearer the center of the United States," said James.

"It was located near the center," smiled Mr. Goodhue, "but you see we've grown bigger and broader since then." Then he went on with his story: "Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer who had served with the American troops during the Revolution, surveyed the land and prepared the plans for the city and it was named in honor of George Washington."

"He deserved it," remarked Lillian.

"We are all agreed on that," Mr. Goodhue said, and continued his story by saying, "The corner-stone of the Capitol Building was laid September 18, 1793, and in 1800 the seat of government was transferred there. The section of country around Washington is called the District of Columbia and we always write Washington, D. C., when we refer to it."

When they reached Washington, it was a very silent and reverent group that walked down Pennsylvania Avenue and beheld the magnificent Capitol Building with its immense dome and stately columns. They entered the grounds and drew near to the great palace of sandstone and marble without a word.

But at last Lillian broke the silence to ask:

"How tall is it, Uncle Tom?"

"Two hundred and eighty-five feet," he responded promptly, as if glad to break the silence.

"The statue makes it look even taller," remarked Claude as he feasted his eyes on the figure of Freedom that reared its helmeted head high above the top of the dome.

Mr. Goodhue led them up the long flight of steps, through the East portico and in to the House of Representatives in the left wing, and then to the Senate Chamber in the right wing. From the wide rotunda he bade them look up into the dome which they had admired from the approach.

Very soon Elaine was lost in a study of the paintings and statues representing important scenes and people in our national history. Marion was closely examining the heavy bronze doors of the rotunda which were ornamented with scenes from the life of Columbus.

They went next to Statuary Hall to have a look at bronze and marble statues of famous men from every section of the United States. Mr. Goodhue told them that in that hall in days gone by the great orators, Adams, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, had hurled their eloquence at their opponents when they spoke in favor of measures dear to the hearts of the people.

They mounted to the cupola of the dome and looked down on the city itself.

From this viewpoint they could see the orderly arrangement of the streets and when Bob remarked on their splendid arrangement, Mr. Goodhue said: "Take off your hats to Major L'Enfant, for this is the city he planned and it has been changed very little since his day."

When they went to the great Library of Congress, they were almost aghast at its massive bulk. They were not surprised on entering to hear that here was one of the world's largest collections of books, amounting to at least three million volumes.

"The Government must spend lots of money on books," said James.

"It does and it should," was his uncle's reply. "But not all of these volumes were paid for. Two volumes of every copyrighted book published in the United States must be deposited in this library."

Again Elaine was thrilled by the mural decorations and Aunt Agatha told her that all these were the work of American artists. The girl begged for time to sketch the figures on the bronze library doors which her aunt told her were the work of Frederick MacMonnies and Olin Warner. But they found that there would not be time and her uncle promised to bring her back for a future visit and let her sketch to her heart's content.

They went to the White House next.

"The stately simplicity of this building impresses me," said Aunt Agatha. "It is just like Washington, himself."

"Did he build it?" queried Lillian.

"He selected the plans, the site and laid the cornerstone. He lived to see it finished but John Adams was the first president to live in it," Mrs. Goodhue answered.

"He certainly deserves its name, the 'White House'," Claude observed.

"There is a reason for the whiteness," his uncle told him. Then he told them that the British had set fire to the White House in 1814 and destroyed all but the walls. Even these were heavily marked with flame and smoke and when the house was rebuilt with the same walls it had to be painted white to remove the traces of the fire.

They were permitted to see many of the rooms and treasures of the Executive Mansion which consisted of relics of every president's administration. These were portraits, bronzes, silver, and other reminders of the housekeeping tastes of the White House Ladies.

The clan thought it was a pity to have to crowd sight-seeing in Washington into three short days but Mr. Goodhue told them that was all the time he could spare.

So the next day they had a look at the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Treasury Building, the National Museum and the Smithsonian Institute. It took several hours for each of these. Aunt Agatha said she had quite enough of buildings for one day and was glad that they had left the parks for their last day's sight-

seeing. Bob agreed with her and said he was glad that Washington was not an industrial city.

The next day the cool, green expanses of the Mall, a park four blocks wide and reaching from the capitol to the Potomac River, proved so alluring in its charms that they hated to leave it. In the distance loomed Washington Monument to a height of five hundred and fifty-five feet. Mr. Goodhue told them that it had taken thirty-six years to complete this and that the cost was more than a million dollars.

"And Washington deserved that, too," said Lillian, always ready to praise her favorite hero. While they were still on the Mall, they had a look in on the Fish Commission and saw millions of baby fish ready to be used in stocking the streams and lakes of our country.

In Potomac Park, which stretches along the river bank for two miles, they saw beautiful Lincoln Memorial built in the form of a Greek Temple with marble columns forty feet high. They went to the southeast of this park for a nearer look at Washington Monument. The sun was setting as they left the park and very regretfully the Goodhue Clan looked back at this beautiful shaft silhouetted against a background of clouds that reflected the last golden rays.

"Good-bye, Washington," called Lillian, waving her hand. "Some day we will come to visit you again."

"We certainly will, little girl," promised her uncle. "But now we must be on our way home."

Friends of a Different Fur

By Harriette Wilbur

AN old farmer who lives alone with his cat in a weathered little house within view of Mt. Kearsarge, New Hampshire, tells me this story of an unusual friendship that came under his observation:

"My cat Babe is death on mice. When she was a mite of a kitten she woke me up in the middle of the night pawing my face. She was up on the chair by my bed with a mouse she'd just caught, for it was warm. She'd brought it to me to see.

"I never saw a person prouder of anything than Babe was of that mouse. She'd roll it between her paws, then put it in my hand, then take it back and roll it some more. And all the time purring just as though she wanted to say, 'Am I not a smart kitten to catch this all by myself? Now aren't you proud of me?'"

"She wouldn't let me go to sleep, so I put her out in the entry, mouse and all. In the morning she was still playing with her mouse, and she kept it around till I threw it out and made her keep it away. I don't know if she ever did eat it.



Siren Call of Ships

By F. W. FICKLE

I like the ships.

Tall-masted vessels, riding lazily at anchor in the bay; ghost ships in the morning haze—reeking of romance, strange ports, smelly cargo and adventure—they call me.

They point shadowy fingers upward from their decks toward the cloud-spattered sky. Ropes creak as the hulls list and settle over in the swells.

Battered tramp freight ships, rusted by tropic rains, foul with barnacles from a hundred ports, awaken strange stirrings in the breast of boys watching from shore.

Tiny schooners, slackened mainsail, toss fitfully out in the harbor bringing visions of fishing banks, halibut, cod and salmon.

A great liner creeping into dock from the orient, travellers lining her rails, speaks a strange language of pagodas, minarets, incense, temples and sampans.

Youth listens to the music of ships and dreams of hurricanes, sapphire seas, coral beaches, ancient castles, queer customs and strange peoples.

And always they sound a siren call luring toward romance land promising high adventure.

That's why I like the ships.

"I didn't expect Babe'd be much of a mouser after all that todo over her first one. But she is—keeps my cellar and barn rid of them. She even tackled a big rat that got into the barrel of shorts I keep in the shed for pig feed. And she beat him, too, after a severe tussle.

"She'll go after anything in the mouse line, and even chipmunks and squirrels. I once caught her squaring up to a groundhog, but she didn't actually give it battle.

"Well, one winter night I was reading my paper beside my stove here, and Babe was snoozing on my lap. All at once she sat up and looked over to her dish of milk under my table there by the window. I always feed Babe while I'm eating my own meals, to be certain she gets her rations of milk.

"When I looked I had to laugh. A mouse was sitting on the edge of the dish, sipping at the little milk Babe had left from her supper, to finish before she turned in for the night.

"I expected Babe to pounce upon it. Instead she sat there, hardly breathing, watching the mouse. I didn't say a word. I wanted to see what she'd do.

"Not a thing happened. The mouse finished the milk and slipped away under the table. Then Babe jumped down from my lap. I supposed she was going to give chase to the mouse. Instead she went over to her dish, sniffed around, licked it a few little dabs of her tongue, then came back and finished her snooze in my lap.

"The next day I saw Babe with a mouse and supposed it was the one that had come to her dish. But it wasn't. That night the mouse was back again. Babe was lying on the floor near my feet when she heard the mouse coming. She watched it but didn't offer to go near it.

"Well, that kept up nearly all winter. The mouse got so it would come out when Babe was having her supper, and perch on the opposite side of the dish and drink with her. Comical sight, the two of them, hereditary enemies, but friends.

"Babe hadn't lost her love for mousing, either. One night she gave a leap off my knee and nabbed a mouse that had come out from behind the woodbox and couldn't get back in time. Another time I saw her catch one in the shed and make way with it instantar.

"But Snooks—that's what I named the mouse—kept showing up regularly for his rations, so Babe hadn't turned on him.

"I don't know what happened to Snooks. The first I missed him was by Babe's actions. One night she was eating alone. But she kept stopping and looking around, and now and then meowed a little, just as if she was calling Snooks. Once she left her dish and prowled around the entry shed, meowing.

"She didn't finish her milk, either, and all evening she kept watching as if looking for Snooks. I guess it was a week before she quit expecting her chum back.

"Queer, wasn't it? The way that mouse was immune around her, but no other mouse was safe? Like in the olden times when people broke bread together there was no enmity between them."

To ascribe to a cat the same ethics of immunity to the stranger within the gates seems far-fetched indeed. Yet how else can one explain Babe's magnanimity to the mouse that had shared her food?

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Puzzlers

R. R. 3,
AVON, SO. DAKOTA.

Dear Editor: I belong to the Beacon Club but I have lost my pin. May I, please, have another? I belong to the Congregational Sunday School of Kingsburg; we have no minister at the present time.

I enjoy the Beacon Club page very much, and I am proud to be a member of the Club. I like to read the very interesting stories and work the puzzles, too. I am thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade. I would like to correspond with some girl in India.

Your club member,
ELSIE DE VRIES.

2012 CORNWALL ST.,
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Dear Editor: I would like to join the Beacon Club. I am ten years old and a pupil of the Vancouver Unitarian Sunday School. I like the *Beacons* and the puzzles.

Yours truly,
MARGARET MURPHY.

608 14TH ST.,
SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

Dear Editor: I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday School in Sioux City. Our minister's name is Mr. Snyder.

Yours sincerely,
DANA HILLS.

118 HIGHLAND ST.,
HYDE PARK, MASS.

Dear Editor: I go to the Unitarian Church each Sunday and get *The Beacon*. I like its poems and stories and puzzles very much and I should like to join the Beacon Club. I am eight years old and am in the fifth grade.

Your new attendant,
GREGORY MACDONALD.

NORTHFIELD, MASS.

Dear Editor: I go to the Sunday school of the Unitarian Church of Northfield. I am ten years old and there are five girls in my class about my age. My mother is the teacher of my class and is Superintendent of the Sunday school. I would like to join your Club.

Sincerely yours,
DORIS MILLER.

Religious Drama Contest

The dramatic observance of Easter is becoming of increasing interest to churches and church schools. In recognition of this fact, the Committee on Religious Drama and Pageantry of the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association announces a prize contest for Easter plays and pageants expressive of the liberal religious point of view. Awards will be made as follows:

First prize ... \$25.00

Second prize .. 15.00

Third prize ... 10.00

Fourth prize .. 5.00

Authors should keep in mind the stage limitations of the average church or parish house, and should adapt the settings and procedure accordingly. Plays and pageants which have been used in churches but which have not been published, may be entered in the contest. Authors may submit more than one manuscript.

In judging a manuscript, the following test will be applied:

Is it well written?

Has it dramatic quality?

Has it spiritual content?

Is it practicable: i.e., could it be used in a number of our churches?

The Committee on Religious Drama and Pageantry, which will act as the judging board, reserves the right to withhold all prizes if no manuscript is considered worthy of an award.

Rules of the Contest

Manuscripts must be in by February 1, 1931.

Manuscripts must be typewritten.

Manuscripts should not be signed, but should be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the author's name and a brief outline of the drama submitted.

If requested, manuscripts which are not accepted will be returned at the close of the contest, provided sufficient postage is enclosed.

Right of publication of all prize-winning manuscripts will vest in the Committee on Religious Drama and Pageantry without further compensation to the authors.

Manuscripts should be sent to the Easter Drama Contest Committee, Department of Religious Education, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Anagram Puzzle

Get out your geography and see if you can solve the following problems. When you find the answer to the first definition, re-arrange the letters to find the second word.

1. Capital of Colorado—Made courageous
2. Volcanic mountain—Clean
3. Capital of Italy—Extra
4. South American country—Unsullied
5. River in Italy—Girl's name
6. South American mountains—Danish people.
7. River in France—Long-legged bird

B. RANDOLPH.

Questions in Literature

1. What is the name of Longfellow's Indian boy?
2. Who is a famous writer of dog stories?
3. Who wrote *Black Beauty*?
4. Who was "Sancho Panza"?
5. Who wrote *Little Men*?
6. Who was the leader of The Three Musketeers?
7. Who was a famous English outlaw?
8. Who wrote about "Tiny Tim"?
9. What is the name of Shakespeare's woman lawyer?
10. Who wrote "Half a league, half a league, half a league onward"?

MARJORIE ELLICOTT.

Answers to Puzzle in No. 9

A New Kind of Cross-Word Puzzle.—

APE
LOT
TIN
ANT
ATE

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 285 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 2416 Allston Way, Berkeley, Calif.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1913.

Printed in U. S. A.